



H&T.C. RAILROAD

Have Reduced Round Trip Rates to:

Houston—For the morning train of April 28; May 5 and 12. Limit two days. Rate \$1.50.

Houston—May 16.

Galveston—May 19 and morning of 11.

Galveston—May 16 and 17.

Dallas—May 19 and 20.

Beaumont—May 13 and 14.

Houston—May 10 and morning of 11.

San Antonio—May 10 and morning of 11.

Galveston—May 10 and 11.

San Antonio—Morning of April 27.

C. K. DUNLAP Traffic Manager. T. J. ANDERSON, Gen. Passenger Agent. Houston, Texas.

Bryan Wood Yard

Dry Split Stove Wood. Delivered in any quantity.

Phone - - - 339

J. W. BATTIS
REAL ESTATE AGENT
Office in Tallaferro Building, Opposite Court House. Phone 37.
Have in office the only set of Abstract Books of Brazos County Land titles.

FOR SALE

One half block in south corner of town, four blocks from depot. Ten room house, bath room, servants house, stable, garden, shade trees, two cisterns, hydrants. 8-acre pasture two blocks from residence. Price for both \$3750.00.

Miller's Boarding House

One Dollar a Day.
Five Dollars a Week.
Nice, cool rooms. Table first class.

E. ROHDE

Handles nothing but the very best in

Wines Liquor and Cigars

Extra fine whiskies for family and medicinal purposes. Your patronage appreciated.
E. ROHDE.

J. B. HINES

All Kinds of Insurance

Telephone 161

Up-Stairs in the Parker building

BRAZOS FISH MARKET.

Fresh Water and Salt Water Fish received daily. Free delivery over the city. Wholesale and Retail. Phone 364.

V. B. HUDSON Bryan, Texas.

W. W. Wilson Franklin, Tex.

HUDSON & WILSON

Attorneys-at-Law
Bryan and Franklin, Texas.
Will practice in county, state and federal courts. Special attention to business in Brazos and Robertson counties.

FOR SALE.

1476 acres of land in the Moses Hughes survey, near Edge. Price and terms reasonable.

Half acre of land with improvements, one block east of my home.

80 acres adjoining A. and M. College land on west side near Providence church. Known as the George Pieter place.

190 acres, including Double Sulphur Springs, on Navasota river.

V. B. HUDSON.

Absolutely Free.

With every five dollars cash purchase at Eugene Edge's you get a set of fine sparkling glass tumblers free. Come and see them.

Dickens' Characters.

Dickens bestowed many of his fictitious names on real flesh and blood personages, says an admirer of the famous novelist. Indeed he and David Copperfield were not far apart, so far as salient features were concerned. Tracy Tupman was the happy counterpart of a man named Winters, who at the present day would be pounded or arrested for what is known in slang as "mashing." Paul Dombey was an invalid nephew of the author, his right name being Harry Burnett. Dora Copperfield was a Miss Beadwell, with whom Dickens was in love at the early age of eighteen. Mrs. Bardell, who gave Pickwick the worst time in his life, was a scheming boarding house widow named Ann Ellis. Tommy Traddles was Colonel Froom Talford, formerly superintendent of Indian affairs in Canada. Miss Mowcher was a Miss Wilkes, Mrs. Skewton a Mrs. Campbell; the abominable Squeers was William Shaw; the lovely Cheeryble brothers were cotton spinners and merchants of Manchester; the fat boy was a true to life character, and so was Captain Cuttle, one of the most attractive of all.

Didn't Impress Him.

Shortly after his rise to the bench Judge Coleman had occasion to pronounce a life sentence upon a notorious offender. In the course of his remarks the judge spoke with so much feeling and eloquence that many of the listeners were deeply affected. The prisoner, on the other hand, seemed to be quite indifferent, looking at the ceiling and apparently giving no attention whatever to what was being said. After he had been remanded to jail one of the young lawyers had gone into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when his honor was passing sentence upon him.

"What do you mean?" asked the convicted one.

"I mean when the judge was telling you you must go to prison for life."

"You mean when he was talking to me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I never paid no attention to Dick Coleman. He ain't no public speaker nohow!"—Argonaut.

The Fate of the Fancy Set.

James, aged seven, had been promoted. In recognition of this great event his father purchased for him the following things that James insisted were necessary:

A box of one dozen pencils, assorted leads; one ink and one pencil eraser, one pencil box with a marvelous roll top, three copybooks for home work, two penholders and a patent strap that was a marvel of ingenuity, but somehow or other didn't seem to hold the books very firmly.

The father examined the outfit a few days after and found that it contained—

One much chewed lead pencil furnished by the city, a scribbling pad with a few sheets on it, a tin fountain pen that did not work and never could have worked and a skate strap to hold the things together.

The father asked no questions. He instinctively knew what had become of the fancy implements of education.—New York Press.

Her Answer.

An Atchison girl had a proposal of marriage and asked a week to think it over. She went to all of her married sisters. One, who used to be a belle, had three children, did all her own work and hadn't been to the theater or out riding since she was married. Another, whose husband was a promising young man at the time she was married, was supporting him. A third didn't dare say her life was her own when her husband was around, and a fourth was divorced. After visiting them and hearing their woes the heroine of this little tale went home, got pen, ink and paper and wrote an answer to the young man. You may think it was refusing him, but it wasn't. She said she could be ready in a month.—Atchison Globe.

Faith, Hope and Charity.

A London weekly offered 2 guineas for a definition of faith, hope and charity. The winner is as follows: Faith, blind trust in a first page; hope, what investors are fed upon; charity, what some of them are likely to be brought to.

That is certainly not bad, but this one is perhaps even better: Faith, the gift that saves mankind; hope, the gift that cheers mankind; charity, the gift that makes man kind.

The Dear Friends.

"Fred didn't blow his brains out because you jilted him the other night," said girl friend No. 1. "He came over and proposed to me."

"Did he?" replied girl friend No. 2.

"Then he must have got rid of them in some other way."

Hindsight.

"I made enough money in Wall street last week to buy a house and lot."

"Did you buy it?"

"Well, no; but I wish I had."—New York Herald.

Why She Did It.

"Why is it," they asked, "that you let your husband have his own way in everything?"

"Because," she replied, "I like to have some one to blame when things go wrong."

Proof.

"I guess their honeymoon is about over."

"What makes you think so?"

"He's quit coming home for his noon lunch."—Detroit Free Press.

Zeal without knowledge is like expedition to a ruin in the dark.—Newton.

A Marvelous Cure.

It is related that once a German American, growing more and more afflicted with extreme nervousness, got the impression that he was forgetting English. The impression got so strong that he refused to talk anything but German. Then he became convinced that he was forgetting that, closed up like an oyster and was led away to a sanitarium, where he spent his days in complete silence.

A course of treatment was prescribed for him in which baths played an important part. Every morning the dumb German American was thrown bodily into a tub filled with very hot water, allowed to remain there awhile and then hauled out and set to cool on the piazza.

But once the sanitarium acquired a new attendant who got his signals mixed. He was told to bathe the German American. Filling a tub with leg cold water, he threw the patient into it.

"You —! You confounded —!" roared the dumb man, beside himself with fury. "You —!" Then he switched to German. "Du verfluchter Esel! Du —!"

The doctors pronounced him cured, and he left the sanitarium the next day.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Domestic Hen.

Joe Jefferson used to tell this one: "In the spring of 1892, being in the vicinity of West Swaney, N. H., I drove over to call on my old friend, Den Thompson. It happened that I called at an inopportune time, as the women folk were housecleaning. In fact, I noticed as I drove up to the house that the clotheslines in the yard back of the house were laden with carpets."

"Den was very anxious that I should look over his prize fowls, in which he took especial pride. We went out into the big yard back of the house. As Den was pointing out to me his favorites we noticed one old hen going through some queer antics. She was pecking away at something on the ground, lifting it in her bill and dropping it again."

"What's the matter with the old Biddy, anyway, Den?" I asked.

"Den was silent for a minute, then drawled out:

"Well, you see, Joe, as she's a rather domestic sort of hen I callate the old girl must be getting ready to lay a carpet."—New York Telegraph.

Daintiness in Dough.

A west side family that abhors all products of the bakeryshop advertised for a maid of all work.

"Can you make bread?" was the question put to each applicant.

Of all the maids who professed to own that accomplishment the mistress chose the one with the frailest hands and arms.

"I don't know about the wisdom of that choice," ventured a male member of the family. "Wouldn't it have been better to pick out a sturdier girl?"

"Not at all," said the lady. "What we require in this family, above all things, is good bread. We half live on bread. I am confident I have chosen a good breadmaker. A girl with rather delicate hands always makes better bread than one whose fists are like sledge hammers. Bread to be good needs to be coddled in the kneading. The light fingered do that instinctively, but the heavy handed slam and bang the very life out of the dough."—New York Globe.

Philosopher and Philanthropist.

"Coquelin was very charitable," said a theatrical manager. "He did more for superannuated actors and actresses than any other man in France. I once heard him speak on charity in the French Actors' home, that he did so much for."

"There are plenty of philanthropists," said Coquelin. "There are plenty of philosophers—plenty, I mean, according to the definition that too many of us accept."

"He smiled grimly.

"Too many of us," said Coquelin, "define a philosopher as one who bears with resignation the cold and hunger from which his neighbor is suffering, and too many of us define a philanthropist as one who gives away other people's money."

A Coy Maiden.

A girl played postoffice at a party and yelled and shrieked and howled and ran behind the door and scratched the young man's face in seven places, upset a lamp, kicked over the piano stool, and when he finally kissed her on the tip of the ear she fainted dead away and said she could never look anybody in the face again. They led the bashful, modest, gentle, sobbing creature home, and the next day she ran away with a married lightning rod peddler.—Altoona (Kan.) Tribune.

A Strong Reason.

"You always speak kindly to your wife?" said the prying friend.

"Always," answered Mr. Meekton.

"I never think of giving Henrietta a harsh word."

"Because you believe in ruling by gentleness?"

"No. Because self preservation is the first law of nature."—Washington Star.

Military Valor.

I wonder is it because men are such cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much and place military valor so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?—Thackeray.

No Such Good Luck.

Nervous Old Lady (for the seventh time)—Oh, captain, is there any danger—shall I be drowned? Exasperated Skipper—I'm afraid not, ma'am.—London Fun.

Avalanches.

There are avalanches of different kinds, but when the term "avalanche" is used it is generally supposed to apply to falls of great bodies of snow or ice, says Mr. Edward Whymper in the London Strand Magazine. One of the first occasions of this kind which attracted attention took place in 1820, upon Mont Blanc, and it is commonly called the Hamel accident. Dr. Hamel, a Russian, set out on Aug. 18 to go up Mont Blanc, accompanied by two Englishmen and eight guides. They had ascended to a height of more than 14,000 feet, with five guides in front, who were cutting or making steps, when all at once the snow above them gave way, and the members of the party were carried down a thousand feet or more over the slopes up which they had toiled. Snow again broke away above and more or less covered them. Some of them struggled out, but three of the leading guides were buried into a crevasse and buried under an immense mass of snow. The bodies of these men reappeared at the foot of the glacier thirty years afterward.

Two Bits of Wood.

Importance cannot be reduced to a matter of size. The success of a piece of work may depend on a tiny detail. Such is the case in regard to that marvel of construction, the violin. Rev. H. R. Haweis in his "My Musical Life" tells of the care and labor expended on two little pieces of wood which go to make up the perfect whole. The sound bar is a strip of pine wood running obliquely under the left foot of the bridge. A slight mistake in its position, looseness or inequality or roughness of finish will produce that hollow, teeth on edge growl called "wolf." It takes great cunning and a life of practical study to know how long and how thick the sound bar must be and exactly where to place it in each instrument. The sound post is a little pine prop, like a short bit of cedar pencil. It is the soul of the violin, and through it pours all vibrations. Days and weeks are spent in adjusting the tiny sound post. Its position exhausts the patience of the maker and makes the joy or the misery of the player.

Moving on Short Notice.

I was lying on the floor of an old country log house one summer day near a big open fireplace when I heard a peculiar, frightened squeak. I got up to see what looked like a huge mouse moving at a very rapid walk across the room. When I got a closer look I saw that it was a mother mouse moving her whole family. At least I hope there was none left behind, for very soon a small snake, but large enough to put into a panic the mother of four less than half grown children, came through the empty fireplace and after the little fugitive. The mother mouse had two in her mouth, and fastened to either side of her, apparently holding on with their mouths and for "dear life," were the other two. I killed the snake and watched the moving family disappear through a hole in the corner. I do not know whether they returned after awhile or whether the father mouse put up a "To Let" sign and joined them in a foreign country, but I do know that I saved a happy family.—St. Nicholas.

The Creditor's Letter.

Here is an interesting letter received by a well known English tailor in reply to a "final" application for settlement of a long outstanding account. "I have much pleasure in informing you that I have placed you on the list of my creditors, your number on the roll being 103. In view of your name appearing so far down my list and in common fairness to my other creditors who have been on my books now for some considerable time, I am afraid I cannot hold out the slightest hope of the 'early' settlement which you ask for. I think it will be well, therefore, if you discontinue forwarding your frequent reminders, which can do no possible good and which are a constant source of annoyance to me."—London Pick-Me-Up.

A Doubtful Outlook.

A woman in evident distress was standing at her door.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Brown?" inquired a neighbor.

"Oh, I don't know what to do!" was the reply. "Bill's away at the football match."

"Well, what about that?" said the other.

"Ah," responded Mrs. Brown, "you don't know Bill! When his side wins he gets on the loose, and when they lose he comes home and whacks me. They've played a draw today, and I'm sure I don't know what he'll do this time!"—London Express.

Variety.

"I can't see why you don't like hotel life," said Mrs. Gramercy. "It relieves a woman of all her cares and gives her so much spare time. Now, honestly, don't you find that home cooking becomes rather monotonous?"

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Park.

"Why, my dear, we have a new cook every few weeks."

Fair Offer.

"Can you tell me how to live 100 years?"

The philosopher stroked his beard thoughtfully. "I will try," he said, "if you can give any good reason for wanting to live 100 years."—Philadelphia Record.

Earlier Yet.

Clubman—I understand, sir, that you began life as a newsboy? Guest of the Evening—I fear some one has been fooling you. I began life as an infant.—Philippine Gossip.

Stevenson Machine & Repair Works

GASOLINE ENGINES

PHONE NO. 7

BRYAN, TEXAS

S. H. FRANKLIN'S

Meat Markets

Upper Market Phone 30,
Lower Market Phone 326

Choicest of Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, and Sausage. Your trade is appreciated.

HERRICK and GURNEY

REFRIGERATORS

New stock just received Call and see them before you buy.

W. T. JAMES

In everything else a man will insist on having the best. Why shouldn't he be as insistent when he is buying Life Insurance.

S. L. BOATWRIGHT, AGENT

THE MANHATTAN LIFE

Protect Your Clothes

Have just received a Fresh Supply of White Tar Flakes, Lavender Camphor, Red Cedar Chips and Mox Balls.

M. H. JAMES DRUGGIST

GET READY FOR HOT WEATHER

Buy a Hammock and Your Fishing Tackle at

Haswell's Book Store

Insure in the SOUTHWESTERN LIFE INSURANCE CO., Dallas, Tex.

Why? Because it is a Texas company, has ample Capital and Surplus and will keep Texas money in Texas. Joe B. Reed will explain the different plans and rates, and can also write Accident and Sick Benefit Insurance with the best companies and give you just what you want, and you will know what you are getting. Every man and woman under 60, in good health, should join.

FRIEND IN NEED SOCIETY.

Many are now enjoying the benefits of Life Insurance that would not, if not for my efforts.

JOE B. REED.

Try us during MAY. We will not fool you.

Choice Fresh Groceries

Of every kind. Fresh Vegetables every day. Try our Flour. Telmo Canned Goods. Your Patronage Appreciated.

Sanders Bros.

INSURANCE

Insure with me. I represent the oldest and Best Companies. Your business given my personal attention and appreciated.

Residence Phone 257 C. E. BOYETT Office Phone 372

Fire, Tornado, Accident, Plate Glass, Bonds and Live Stock

Watch for Greater Reductions

In Our

BIG GROCERY SALE

ALL FRESH STOCK

WILL S. HIGGS

W. S. Johnson

SELLS

Singer Sewing Machines

On Easy Terms. Will trade a good

Singer Machine for a good cow.

P. O.—BRYAN, TEXAS

DR. R. H. HARRISON

Physician and Surgeon

Special Attention to Genito-Urinary Organs and Rectum.

Residence Phone 136, Office Phone 66. Calls answered Promptly Day or Night.

DR. ALGIE BENBOW.

DENTIST

W. C. FOUNTAIN

DENTIST.

OVER HASWELL'S BOOK STORE Office upstairs over Smith Drug Co.